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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS: ARTHUR DUMPER, '95, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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No. 2.

Editorial.

AMIEL in his Journal says: "An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains," an observation that history will ever confirm. The history of the evolution of the college curriculum which has been in progress for the past twenty years or more illustrates the justice of Amiel's dictum. For many years misguided men have condemned the college, affirming that its training is not that which is likely to fit a young man for the practical struggle of life, and that too often it positively unfits him for this struggle; whereas the college, seeing in these assertions nothing apparently but misconception or willful blindness, for a long time remained indifferent to them. As long as the college man could be shown to be filling stations of the greatest trust and importance, and to be prominent in the various professions and callings, such charges amounted to nonsense and needed no reply. But experience gradually discovered some truth in these generally erroneous notions, for it seems to have been found by the more progressive college that opinions such as those recently expressed by Andrew Carnegie are not without some degree of truth.

Educators have begun to see that in an era in which time very truly is money, and competition as likely to be the death as the life of trade, something more than a knowledge of Latin and Greek is required to insure success in the business world. As a result, the past few decades have marked a radical change in the nature of the college course—a change made imperative by a demand for more practical results. Mental training simply, valuable as it may be, is not to-day the only desideratum wished for by the young man preparing for a business career; if it were, the college of a century ago with its burdensome classics would still be a prominent factor in the educational scheme. While the central purpose of the college course remains the same, and as before general culture is striven for, the means to that end have undergone some material changes. This is commonly declared to be the day of the specialist, and accordingly men are concentrating their attention along lines of special adaptability; those, for example, who are looking forward to a business career are not willing as formerly to devote so much time to the classics, but instead are demanding studies which, without lacking disciplinary qualities, shall be of immediate worth beyond the college walls.

The progressive college is responding to this demand by offering, so far as possible, courses of study not exclusively subservient to the professional callings. Indeed, the flourishing condition of such educational centers as Harvard, the University of Chicago, Stanford University, demonstrates most conclusively the popularity of the university privilege. It seems safe to predict that the so-called conservative small college which at present still clings in aged fondness to the old classical course simply, will advance or decline according as it approximates or resists the "university idea."

If a little self-complacency may be indulged, the student who has been on the "Hill" during the past three years and has seen the enrollment of the college more than double itself in that time, will not hesitate in largely attributing this rapid growth to the introduction of our new courses. Liberal inducements owing to a more liberal policy have added not a little to this result, and should not be overlooked; yet, notwithstanding this, the fact that the college has increased her capacity for usefulness still remains, and to that degree is assured a proportionate future prosperity.

THE indifference with which the average college student treats the privileges of his college life has always proved a fruitful theme for reflection, and, possibly, needs no comment here. In many cases it seems that this indifference is an unconscious trait, and follows from failing to know the value of an opportunity when it presents itself; in other instances, however, this apathy is nothing less than an habitual indolence. Experience has repeatedly shown that the undergraduate in Kenyon is no exception to the general rule of college students in this regard; hence, our pains to see that the word, which for the wise is sufficient, is spoken.

Not long ago, through the courtesy of one of the members of the Faculty, a notice appeared on the bulletin board inviting the students to attend a series of lectures. These lectures, which were delivered on three different occasions respectively, were on the following topics: The Wilson Bill, the Income Tax, and the Teachings of the Recent Economic Experiences. It is immediately seen that all of them deal with vital questions of the day, concerning which every intelligent person wishes to be informed. The result was as usual—one or two students were alive to the real occasion, and made it a point to be present. As none, however, were obliged to be present, the rest went their several ways—the comfortable, with the customary “instinct of repose,” to resume their effortless rounds; and the plodders, the conscientious men, who, by report, come to college to make the most of their advantages, passed on to bury themselves in their text-books. The *conscientious* man is often a paradox, and delights to surprise us with little inconsistencies. He it is who surprises us by showing the indifference referred to.

With the man who is truly conscientious no fault is to be found, and by no means is it wise to sneer at studious habits and close attention to each day's duty. But it is generally conceded that even here a limit may be reached, and that conscientiousness so called may become only a narrow one-sidedness. For a small community like ours, such privileges as those mentioned are necessarily of rare occurrence, and for this reason if no other, ought to be received with greater enthusiasm than is generally shown. The student who claims, and often truly, that he has not time to read lengthy newspaper accounts on such subjects, cannot, without great loss to himself, be indifferent when the desired occasion lies in his very path.

It is proposed to get out a special number of the COLLEGIAN which, unlike anything that has preceded it, shall consist of literary matter only, thus showing the literary bent of the Kenyon undergraduate. In looking over the COLLEGIAN files extending some years back we find many literary gems, both in verse and in prose, which should not be allowed to perish in immediate oblivion, and which, when compiled, will, we believe, make up a pleasing number. No effort will be spared to make this an attractive volume, such as may worthily represent the college. Should our plans be sufficiently encouraged, this special number will be ready for sale at the beginning of Commencement week.

In view of the deplorable financial condition of the paper, however, we should not be justified in involving the COLLEGIAN in any further debt, and therefore this special number must pay for itself. Accordingly, all who would be willing to subscribe for such a number, at twenty-five cents a copy, are requested to kindly send their names to the Business Manager, before the twentieth of May. We trust that the Alumni and students especially will see the propriety and value of such a departure and help us to make it a success, not for the sake of COLLEGIAN simply, but, if we presume not, for the sake of the College. For the next issue, then, we hope to record the appearance of the COLLEGIAN Literary Number as an assured fact.

ON THE evening of April 25, a dramatic entertainment was given in Nu Pi Kappa Hall, under the management of Mr. Gottschalk, and by the following actors: Mr. Foley, Miss Russell, Miss Benson, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Gottschalk. The entertainment, which was given in the interest of the Athletic Association, was in every way a success, and proved a pleasing departure from the ordinary lecture course program. Nu Pi Kappa Hall was put in order after much labor and trouble by our indefatigable Lecture Course Committee, and, we venture to say, never looked quite so much a theater before. This effect was greatly enhanced by Mrs. G. W. Foote's artistic stage setting, which made an appropriate framing for the arch picturesqueness of the first play, "An English Pharisee," and for the comic situations of the second, "A Woman's Way."

The acting of all was very good, especially so that of the ladies, Miss Russell and Miss Benson, and showed the effects of careful and frequent rehearsal. In this connection, and in view of the worthiness of the per-

formance, it is gratifying to note that all was done by domestic talent. The first play, "An English Pharisee," was written by Mr. Foley, and the conception, together with its consistent rendering, was very well received. "A Woman's Way," an adaptation from two French originals by Mr. Gottschalk, was skillfully worked up, and also took well. Mr. Williams, taking the part of *Mr. Penner*, acted like an old stager. It is to be hoped that, with this company as a nucleus, performances of a like nature may become more frequent in the future, as their popularity is assured.

THE COLLEGIAN wishes to call attention to the poem entitled, "The Sea! The Sea!" which we have been privileged to bring out in this number. The poem was written by an honored alumnus of the college, the late Judge Rearden, a tribute to whose memory appeared in the COLLEGIAN about a year ago. As the last work of the author's busy life, coupled with the almost prophetic strain in which it opens and which makes the poem his own requiem, as it were, it will not fail to be of much interest to those who were the learned Judge's friends. We wish to acknowledge the kindness of W. P. Elliott, '70, whose regard for the memory of Judge Rearden prompted him to send us the poem.

A copy of the poem, together with the other interesting works of the author, can now be found in the college library, in an artistically arranged volume published under the title, "Petrarch and Other Essays."

Carlyle the Man.

IMAGINE for yourselves a great painter seated in his studio. Around him are the works of a lifetime, striking in their brilliancy of color and accuracy of outline. There, against the background lurid with scenes of war, stands Frederick the Great; on this side, the kindly face of Goethe beams from the canvas; near him, is the likeness of his friend, the youthful Schiller; here is the iron countenance of Oliver Cromwell; there Danton and Robespierre, amid the wild lightnings of the Revolution; here, the immortal Johnson and the mortal Boswell; there, the cynical visage of Voltaire:—but where, in this gallery of great men, stands there one manlier than the painter himself, Thomas Carlyle?

I say *manlier*, for in the word manliness lies all that man loves in man—it is the typification of those qualities which endear a man to his fellows. We may respect righteousness, we may pity weakness, we may admire genius, but we can only love that mingling of the three which is signified by the good old Saxon word—manliness. It is this trait which stands forth most prominently in the character of the Great Scotchman. We hear his voice—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—lifted in behalf of all that is good and true and brave, and against all that is cowardly and insincere and base, with a wild eloquence that may not be resisted. We see in him the bold champion of all that he believes, firmly living in the principles which his mind has established, regardless of the opinions of others. That is one attribute of manliness which draws us toward the grand figure of Carlyle.

Side by side with this there dwelt in him another attribute of manliness. It was sympathy for man in all the errors and frailties of his nature. In that one word, sympathy, there is contained how much of the milk of human-kindness, ever-ready to flow forth and lessen the woes of fellow-men! How beautiful is the sight of a strong man, knowing his own strength, and yet feeling, as if they were his own, the misfortunes of his weaker brothers! So did Carlyle, in all the rugged grandeur of his own great strength, break forth in wild complaint, when he thought of all the sufferings of man. Says a writer, "when he turned to the study of men, he took fire; on anything connected with man, he felt too profoundly to reason well."

Carlyle's philosophy has been censured—few have attempted to defend it. And yet, although we may not believe in his philosophy, we still love Carlyle the Man. Beneath that rough exterior there lay concealed a tender heart—a heart which ached for the wrongs of mankind, a heart which cried aloud at his misfortunes, a heart which swelled with pride for his nobler traits, and while Carlyle the Cynic laughed at his follies, Carlyle the Man wept!

Man is mortal, and yet he contains that spark of immortality which, when the mortal man has returned to dust again, shall rise and seek its destined house within the gates of the Eternal City. Thirteen years have passed since the troubled spirit of Carlyle left the scenes of this earthly life to be at rest forever in some Peaceful Haven of that Other Shore. Let us say, then, for him those words which he so sweetly spoke of

Goethe—"In the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already, something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more!"

C. C. WRIGHT.

[This poem was written by Judge T. H. Rearden, for the Memorial Service of the G. H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., of San Francisco, held May 3, 1892. It was read on that occasion by a member of the Post, Judge Rearden being ill at the time. He died May 10, 1892.]

The Sea! The Sea!

LIFE's fevered day declines: its purple twilight falling
 Draws length'ning shadows from the broken flanks;
 And from the column's head, a viewless chief is calling:
 "Guide right—close up your ranks."

As once in ancient time, a Grecian host defiant
 Reeled back from Persia's might and treachery,
 And marched, on stubborn Grecian pluck alone reliant,
 Down to the Pontic Sea;

Full many a cruel foe they met and bravely routed,
 Battling on plain, in gorge, all mightily,
 Until, the last ridge climb'd, the vanguard gazed and shouted
 In tears: "The Sea! The Sea!"

So we, to-day, with Life's slow, carking sorrows weary,
 With hearts and natures sore and overworn,
 Have trodden long the steep and rugged highway dreary—
 A band of hope forlorn.

A band forlorn, our garish banners torn and faded;
 Yet still with pulses beating high and free,
 We view the silent, misty shore, with vision shaded,
 Of dim Eternity.

Lo! on the Infinite, Life's straitened kingdom verges,
 Worn by the flood of Death's weird mystery;
 And, as we catch the flashing light on bursting surges,
 We hail the friendly sea.

Gone are ye glorious leaders of our youthful muster,
 Whose sharp command thrilled like electric flame,
 Your mem'ries blended with the sanguine, lurid lustre
 That gilds the warrior's name.

Ye comrades, too, the young, the gray, the lion-hearted,
Dead on the field or slain by Fever's breath —
How many changing years since you and we were parted —
Your valor sealed by Death!

Far in the broad and gay expanse of spirit vision,
Where tempests rail not, Heaven forever smiles,
Float on an ever-laughing sea, the Fields Elysian,
The wished-for Happy Isles.

There, long-lost comrades, risen from your couches gory,
Leaving your nameless graves and crumbling clay,
And, recking nothing earthly fame or paltry glory,
Ye know a brighter day.

And there the stately captains of the host immortal
Call out the guard that ushers heroes in;
And each brave soul that, trembling, knocks at Death's dark portal
Is proudly mustered in.

A Partial Vacuum.

THE Junior class of Stewart College were assembled to recite in physics. The lesson for the day was Pressure of Gases, and all the instruments, so well known to students, for producing the different phenomena of pressure were arranged in the lecture room, and the class was awaiting with inward satisfaction and pleasure the ocular demonstration which no one better than Professor Randolph knew how to afford. The feeling of expectancy, so potent and valuable an aid to the true teacher, seemed, however, to be lost upon the Professor. That of itself was a fact worthy of note, for in the calm, well-balanced statements of this *old* young man, one felt unmistakably the superior standpoint of an absolute knowledge of the subject. My somewhat contradictory description of him is literally true. He was twenty six years old, yet his hair was white as snow. He had been but recently appointed Professor of Physics in Stewart. The difficulties which usually confront a young professor seem never to have troubled him. This was doubtless due to two facts, both of which I have already hinted at. His thorough command of his subject, and his unusual appearance. Not that his white hair made him *look* old; but that it gave an indefinable something to his face

which marked him as a man who had had some great experience. To-day the buoyant elasticity and eagerness which usually marked his manner, and were such effective factors in his success, were absent, and instead an air of deep dejection and timidity had taken their place.

The recitation had commenced, and it was necessary to exhaust the receiver of the air pump. One of the students stepped up and lifted the handle. No sooner did he apply his weight to exhaust the receiver, than that half whistling, prolonged swish-sh became audible. The professor had grown pale when the sound commenced; but as the weird noise continued he sank into his chair evidently much overcome. The class, in consternation crowded around him, and many were the offers of sympathetic help. He seemed extremely nervous; but after a while he became calm, and, courteously refusing our offers of assistance, he dismissed the class. I had frequently helped him to prepare the instruments before the lectures, and so I lingered, ostensibly for the purpose of replacing the apparatus; but really that I might perhaps aid him in some way. I ventured an offer of assistance again, which to my pleasure, he did not refuse, and leaning on my arm, we soon reached his house. He did not appear again for several days, and many conjectures were afloat as to the probable cause of his sudden nervousness. The one that recommended itself to us was a return of the nervous prostration from which we had heard he was suffering when he left college, brought on, no doubt, by overstudy. This seemed also to account for his hair being thus prematurely whitened.

I called at his house on the third evening after his sudden indisposition to inquire about his health, and also to learn his plans with regard to the instruments. He sent word by his housekeeper that he would be glad to see me, and a few moments later she ushered me into his study. He seemed quite well and after a few minutes conversation he alluded jocularly to the class experience of the immediate past. "Do you know," he said, "I have an idiosyncrasy. An air-pump possesses an element of terror for me which would savor of the maniac, if it were not founded upon an awful experience. It was that which made my hair white," he continued, and I nodded assent, feeling that I could say nothing appropriate to this ingenuous display of confidential information. "Perhaps you know," he went on, "that I graduated from Harvard last year. I had taken the scientific course, having a predilection for scientific

studies. I lived with my uncle, who possessed a comfortable fortune, in a roomy old mansion in the suburbs of Cambridge. My father and mother having died when I was extremely young, my bachelor uncle had adopted me, and had been to me parents, nurse, teacher, and playfellow. When I say playfellow, I do not mean to intimate that childish romps ever formed part of our pleasure. Far from it. My uncle was a sedate, prim little man, kindly but preoccupied, an ardent scientific student. His ample fortune enabled him to follow his bent, and in consequence, several rooms in our spacious house were filled with all kinds of scientific instruments. My earliest recollections are of being carried in his arms to these rooms, where he made all sorts of curious experiments to amuse me. Young as I was, they never failed to interest me, and as I afterwards found out, my uncle watched my increasing zeal for scientific knowledge with a solicitous satisfaction which often made him seem childish to me. He was desirous that I should become a brilliant scientific student, and my tastes being so concurrent with his desires, it would have been strange if I had not developed some degree of aptitude in the field of scientific research. Two incidents of my childhood stand out in vivid relief. After he had one day been showing me some Crook's tubes, he brought out a little mahogany box and giving me two handles to hold, he gave me what I called then, some "tangle medicine." This was a great treat to me, and held out as a reward, was often the most effective spur to my childish efforts to remember substances by their chemical symbols."

"The other incident happened when I was about seven years old. There was an eclipse of the moon, and he took me into the dome and let me peep through his big telescope as the shadow began to fall on the moon's disc. From these two incidents it is clearly to be seen that the branches of science to which I applied myself most diligently, were Electricity and Light, and it is in connection with these that the incident, which I am about to relate to you, happened. At the time of the occurrence Tesla's experiments to demonstrate electrical induction in a vacuum were creating great commotion in scientific circles."

"You will remember," he said, "that Tesla placed incandescent lamps in the vicinity of each other in a vacuum, but did not connect them. He then passed through them rapidly alternating currents of high tension, and, the ether being the medium of induction, the lamps were

caused to glow just as if they had been connected in circuit. To perform these experiments successfully, the vacuum chamber must needs be large and the machinery for exhaustion of the most modern and perfect type.

My uncle had long had in mind a desire to make some exact experiments with a vacuum, and the stir caused by Tesla's experiments matured a project in his mind, which we almost immediately began to put into execution. The plan was to make a colossal receiver, six feet in diameter and six feet high, in the shape of an octagonal prism, and to exhaust it by an engine to be constructed for that special purpose. After examining several sets of specifications, we decided to accept one of the most approved models, and to order it immediately. This was only with regard to the engine, however. We ourselves were going to build the jar upon our own model. It was to be, as I have told you, a hollow octagonal prism. The special superintendence of construction was given to me, and, as I was soon to graduate, I set about the task with a conciseness and accuracy only to be obtained by years of careful experimenting. There was a small annex of two stories built out upon one side of our house, raised by a former possessor as a sort of sitting-room and bedroom for his housekeeper. The rooms, however, had long since fallen into disuse, and were visited only by the domestics when the spring and fall fanaticism of house cleaning was upon them. These rooms we decided to use as the scene of our operations. The upper one, which was to contain the receiver, was given over to me. The lower one, which was to contain the engine, was taken by my uncle as his share of the preparations. Having matured my plan, I procured the materials as quickly as possible. The walls and top of my receiver were to be composed of plate glass an inch thick. This was feasible, though costly, as each side piece was six feet by three, and the top was an octagonal piece six feet in diameter. How to put it together seemed a difficulty, for every joint must be perfect. After much thought, I decided to put my glass plates into a copper frame. This was to be double, an inner frame, in segment shaped like a wide V, and fitting exactly the inside of the joints of my glass jar, and an outer one identical in shape, only larger all round by the thickness of the glass. This would fit the joints closely, both inside and outside, and the whole structure would rest upon a turned copper rim, which, in its turn, would rest upon the bronze plate of the pump.

When I saw the fabulous sum asked for the two preceding items, I

would have abandoned the project, but my uncle insisted, and I no longer demurred. When the materials came, my scientific temperament was well nigh unbalanced by my enthusiasm, and my sedate old uncle was very similarly affected. He was going to give a dinner to the faculty of the scientific department on the occasion of my graduation, and this was to be the *piece de resistance* of the scientific dessert which would undoubtedly follow.

I will not weary you with the details of construction. It will suffice to say that each one of us was very much elated over his particular part of this gigantic instrument. The engine, over which my uncle gloated, was a marvel of mechanical skill. It was noiseless, and its bed rested on such a firm foundation that the oscillations produced scarcely a perceptible tremor. My uncle would often set it in motion, and would watch it, fascinated by its strong, rhythmic, silent stroke.

At last everything was ready. It was very late one calm summer night when our final preparations were made, and we retired, weary but exultant, anxious for the morrow when we should reap the reward of our painstaking toil. I was too excited to sleep, and, after tossing about uneasily for two or three hours, I resolved to go and take a last peep at my monster receiver. What if it should only produce a very ordinary partial vacuum! I dismissed the thought, and attired only in shirt and trousers, I crept in stocking feet, stealthily down the hall, past my uncle's room. His door was ajar, and I shaded my lamp and held my breath, fearing to disturb him. A few seconds more, and I was admiring my masterpiece. I walked around it, scanning the joints with practised eye, and then, stooping, entered it. I had made a glass door in one of the sides, two feet square, about eighteen inches from the floor. It was swung from its center, like a vault door such as banks use, and was simply a square plate of glass, fitting against a ground glass flange, smeared with vaseline, so that the joint might be more effective. As I stepped inside, I shut it after me, to assure myself again of its perfect inner contact. Satisfied, I pushed it open about an inch to admit the air, and then, setting my lamp on the bronze plate which formed the floor of the receiver, I looked for the thousandth time at the inner joints. As I scanned them carefully, that peculiar half-whistling swish-sh became audible. I felt that I must have been deceived, for no one would start the engine at this time of night; and yet if it were only imagination, why

did the plate glass door close with that satisfactory click? In an instant the horror of the situation flashed upon me.

The pump in the room beneath was at work. The door of the receiver was closed and the pressure on it was increasing at every pulse of the relentless monster below. An indescribable faintness came over me as I realized the awful doom that would be mine if I could not open the door. A cry burst from my lips; but so great was my terror that it must have been inaudible. A sudden revulsion of feeling made me bold. In desperation I flung myself at the door, cursing my stupidity in allowing four pulses of the pump to increase the pressure. I shoved frantically at it, straining every muscle to open it before a fifth pulse should render it more difficult. I had made calculations before with regard to the pressure on the plate and they came to my mind with horribly distinct reality. Four pulses, the pressure was already two hundred pounds. One great effort might free me. Every nerve and sinew was strained as I made the almost Herculean attempt to force open the plate. Alas! my stockinged feet slid over the smooth bronze floor, and as I slipped another relentless swish-sh confirmed my doom. But I was not cowed. I turned to the exhaust pipe and endeavored to close it. It was covered by a hollow perforated hemisphere of bronze to prevent substances from entering the pipe. I knelt upon the floor and endeavored to cover the holes with my hands, but without success. Then I shouted, but my voice was strangely quiet and muffled. The exhaustion of the receiver was beginning to be perceptible. I felt bloated and my ears were ringing. I picked up my lamp and looked through the glass wall at the gage. The mercury was standing at two inches. When it rose to ten inches I would be dead. I watched it in terror. My lamp was using up the oxygen in the receiver, yet I dared not put it out. I could await the nameless horror if I could see, but in that hell of darkness I should go wild. I placed the lamp again upon the floor, and the glint of my small peining hammer struck my eye. I grasped it eagerly, and hope dawned; but the plate glass walls repelled its attacks with a leaden thud. It was hopeless, yet in despair I flung myself at the sides of my prison till the ringing in my ears and exhaustion compelled me to desist. I looked again at the gage. Four inches! Turning again to gaze around, my revolting appearance seemed to me at first as if some hideous wretch were gazing at me through the glass. The darkness outside made my prison a mirror

except when I held the lamp close to the side upon which the gage was placed, and all the time that half-whistling swish-sh was counting the strokes of my doom. Now and then I would turn from my fascinated contemplation of the gage to behold a monstrous being with protruding eyes, all blue, puffed and bloated with stertorous breathing, a small hammer clutched tightly in one hand and a flickering lamp in the other, which heightened the ghastly hellishness of the momentary picture. The ringing in my ears was deafening. My sight would leave me for a few moments at intervals. The rapid evaporation of the sweat which burst from my limbs chilled me with intense cold. My heart felt as if it would force its way through my swelling ribs. I caught a glimpse of the gage. Six inches! Memory, so vivid at such moments, reproduced her marvelous panorama. A deafening report almost stunned me. My ears were bleeding. The warm blood fell on my hands and became immediately icy cold by evaporation. My nose and eyes were bleeding. I strained to catch another glimpse of the gage. Seven inches! It would soon be over. My senses were leaving me. My lamp was almost out. I turned my back to the wall of the receiver and caught one last reflection of myself in the opposite panel. I shall never forget the sight. Could that blotched livid being with clotted blood staining his hands and face a darker hue be myself? I am slipping. My hands are clutching wildly at the darkness. I have fallen and a strange metallic clink is the last thing I remember.

When I came to myself my uncle was bending over me with anxious face. As soon as I was well we sailed for Europe, and one afternoon on our return voyage, he told me that the ringing of the bronze plate when my lamp and hammer fell, attracted his attention, and he stopped the engine and came to the upper room to find the cause of the noise. He, like myself, had been sleepless and had gone to see his pet, in ignorance of the fact that its fascination for him had almost been my doom. One thing is sure, the monster instrument never produced anything but a *partial vacuum*, for on our return it had disappeared.

G. F. W., '95.

THE Leland Stanford, Jr., University has, when all its landed estates are fully cultivated, an endowment of about \$200,000,000. Though only in its third year, it has nearly 900 students.

The Craven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
 In the city of Gamberii,
 Stood a boy and girl together
 Waiting, I know not what for.
 He with her seemed sore to be pleading,
 As if some boon he were needing;
 Needing badly as it were.
 'Tis some silly boy I muttered,
 Making of himself a bore,
 Only this and nothing more.
 Ah, distinctly I recall them;
 Wind and snow did not appall them,
 Something strange seemed to enthrall them
 As they talked outside the door.
 Eagerly I wished the father
 Might come out and stop the pother;
 Then he kissed her for her mother,
 Kissed her and then kissed some more;
 Kissed this rare and radiant maiden,
 Did this idiotic bore,
 Nameless here for evermore.
 Then the silly boy departed;
 Toward the door the maiden darted,
 Blushing, burning, with his hurried
 Kisses—never felt before.
 Foolish girl, too late repenting
 For your madness in relenting!
 Then she heard her tired mother
 Coming toward the bolted door.
 She was rubbing off the kisses
 When her mother ope'd the door,
 Vowing wildly, Nevermore!
 Next time the boy's soul was stronger,
 Hesitating then no longer;
 "'Tis bad form to change a custom,
 So another I implore;"
 Said it with such mild assurance
 That it passed the maid's endurance,
 And so primly did she answer
 As they stood beside the door—
 On his heart fell words like pebbles,
 Pebbles on a wooden floor—
 Never! Never! Nevermore!!!

Athletics.

OBERLIN VS. KENYON.

ON THE 13th of April Manager Stanbery marshaled his stalwart base ball players, and left Gambier to play the first game of the season. Oberlin was the objective point, and to defeat Oberlin's elect the desired end. Kenyon won the game by a score of 8 to 3, notwithstanding many ill omens which previous to the game presaged a different result. Our manager is sinister-handed and much given to combinations of the unlucky thirteen—the players are not superstitious, however, as the outcome of the game plainly shows.

We regret that a lack of data prevents our submitting a detailed account of the game, but, guided by report, we offer the following information: Myers pitched as at the end of last season—a steady game—gave but two bases on balls, and struck out seven men. Wolverton played his usual good game, supported Myers well, and saved those in the grandstand from the annoyance of foul flies. The batting of the team has slightly improved, but the fielding is inclined to be ragged at times, while the team as a whole lacks the dash and vim characteristic of carefully coached, well-trained organizations. Attention to concerted team work and a willingness on the part of the individual player to make the most of every chance, even if it adds to the record of personal errors, will do much to strengthen the team for work later in the season. As the first game of the year, and in view of the limited amount of practice before it, the showing made was very good indeed. The score by innings:

Oberlin.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1-3
Kenyon.....	1	0	0	1	1	0	5	0	*-8

Batteries—Oberlin, Vorhees and Hawley, and Sherrill; Kenyon, Myers and Wolverton. Hits—Oberlin 6, Kenyon 6. Struck out—By Vorhees 7, by Myers 7. Bases on balls—Oberlin 2, Kenyon 3. Passed balls—Sherrill 2.

U. OF M. VS KENYON.

The University of Michigan made its appearance in Gambier on April 17th. The day was an ideal one for base ball, and the game was well attended. The game was in every way a pleasant one for both spectators and players and it is to be hoped that the spring game with Ann Arbor may become an annual fixture.

Both nines played loosely at times, but Michigan was the most fortunate in bunching hits, while her errors came at less critical periods and contributed less to the run-getting of Kenyon. The base running of the visiting team was amiable and contributed in no small degree to their victory.

The Michigan nine this year had ninety-two candidates, and should theoretically be one of the strongest college nines in the country. Its previous record has been an honorable one. In 1891, on the Eastern trip Harvard was defeated 3-1, and in 1892 Yale by a score of 3-0. Last year no trip was taken in the East. The game is of value to Kenyon, since it furnishes a practical example of the relative worth of our nine; while the experience gained by playing against such a tried team is of inestimable value.

Kenyon made three errors in the third inning, while Michigan contributed four hits, netting five runs for the visitors. This inning practically settled the game, although the Kenyon nine is to be applauded for the plucky and determined fight which they made against such odds.

For Kenyon, Kunst and Burnett carried off the batting honors, while Wentworth, Deans and Smeltzer led the Michigan nine in hits.

Appended is the tabulated score:

U. OF M.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	KENYON.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Hollister, rf.....	0	1	0	1	0	Burnett, lf.....	0	3	3	0	1
Wentworth, lf.....	3	3	0	0	0	Blake rf.....	1	1	0	0	0
Shields, cf.....	2	1	2	0	0	Byard, 3b.....	0	2	2	3	1
Smeltzer, c.....	2	3	7	2	0	Wolverton, c.....	1	0	5	1	0
Deans, 3b.....	2	3	3	1	0	Kunst, 1b.....	1	3	11	1	1
McKenzie, 1b.....	1	0	7	1	3	Beck, 2b.....	0	0	6	2	2
Russell, 2b.....	1	0	4	3	3	Myers, p.....	1	1	0	5	0
Pepple, ss.....	0	0	2	3	0	Henderson, cf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Bentley, p.....	0	1	2	2	0	Follett, ss.....	0	2	0	1	0
Totals.....	11	12	27	13	6	Totals.....	5	12	27	13	5

U. of M.....	0	0	5	0	2	3	0	1-11
Kenyon.....	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	1-5

Two base hits—Wentworth. Stolen bases—U. of M., 7; Kenyon, 2. Base on balls—by Bentley, 3; by Myers, 3. Struck out—by Bentley, 4; by Myers, 4.

Umpires—U. of M., Krogman. Kenyon—Walkley.

Alumni Notes.

'59. Rev. James H. Lee has removed from Manhattan to Salineville, Kansas, and is connected with St. John's school at the latter place.

'62. Rev. A. F. Blake, rector of Grace Church, Avondale, recently officiated at the marriage of Mr. Robt. Sheldon, of Columbus, to Miss Katherine Hafer, formerly of Harcourt.

'64. Rev. Lewis Brown has left St. Luke's parish, Cincinnati, where he has been for several years, to take charge of a parish in Battle Creek, Michigan.

'76. Dr. Frank Pope Wilson, of San Francisco, California, was married to Miss Mary Masten, April 2.

'79. J. W. Showalter recently defeated Hodges in a contest for the chess championship of the United States.

'80. Mr. Charles F. Collville was recently elected mayor of Mount Vernon, Ohio.

'83. Mr. A. L. Herrlinger, of the law firm of Wilson & Herrlinger, is president of the Cincinnati Board of Education.

(Ex) '83. Mr. Elliot Marfield is managing editor of the *Commercial-Gazette*, of Cincinnati.

'85. Rev. Earnest Benedict is an instructor at the Ohio Military Institute, College Hill, Cincinnati.

'85. Mr. G. C. Holloway, of the firm of C. M. Holloway & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, is said to be contemplating matrimony in the fall.

'87. Rev. Cleveland Benedict's engagement to Miss Proctor, daughter of the senior partner in the well known firm of Proctor & Gamble, has been announced. Mr. Benedict is assistant rector of Christ's Church, Glendale.

'88. Mr. Henry Bedinger Swearingen was married to Miss Louis Hortense Stewart, April 4, at Washington, D. C.

'88 (Bexley). Rev. J. de B. Kaye was in Gambier, April 13, en route to Cincinnati, where he takes charge of the Church of the Resurrection at Fern Cliff. There are four young ladies at Harcourt and two students in college from Mr. Kaye's former parish in Alliance.

'92. W. S. Walkley will pitch this year for the Boston University Law School.

'92. Mr. Guy H. and Mr. Henry W. Buttolph are engaged in the insurance business with the firm of Sudlow, Wilson & Boswell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[THE COLLEGIAN invites the co-operation of the Alumni in maintaining this department, and also acknowledges the kindness of those Alumni whose contributions appear in this issue.—*Ed.*]

The News.

THE Rev. Greenough White, at one time Professor of English at Kenyon College, is now delivering lectures before the Church Club of New York.

T. R. Hazzard, the college photographer, has associated with himself Mr. Miller, a professional artist well known in Mt. Vernon and the vicinity.

John D. Follett, '93, was at college on a flying trip, about the middle of last month.

On Saturday, April 7, the annual election of officers for the Athletic Association resulted as follows: President, L. A. Sanford, '95; Vice President, Arthur Dumper, '95; Treasurer, J. O'F. Little, '96; Secretary, R. L. Harris, '96.

The Executive Committee: W. B. Beck, '94; Albert J. Bell, '95; G. F. Williams, '95; H. Barber, '96; F. R. Byard, '97.

The Rev. J. W. Cracraft (Bexley, '46) has come to Gambier to take up a permanent residence. Mr. Cracraft was Rector and College Chaplain in 1857.

Quite a crowd of Kenyon men, Harcourt girls, and cadets availed themselves of the special train run from Gambier to Mt. Vernon on the 13th, to see "Hamlet" at the Mt. Vernon Opera House.

On the evening of April 18, Philo Hall was the scene of an interesting mock trial, held in lieu of the usual heavy order of literary exercises. Brook and Thomas, '96, specially distinguished themselves.

H. Stanbery, '96, has had his cousin, Mr. O. Avery, down to college on a short visit.

Myers, '96, entertained his brother on the 22d and 23d.

Prof. Brusie returned from the East on the 21st.

Prof. Benson, we regret to say, is ill at his home with grippe. His physicians assure us, however, that there is no impending danger.

Mrs. L. P. Buttles and her daughter have returned, and will reside in Gambier.

Thanks to the efforts of the College Chaplain, four of the ladies from Harcourt have been permitted to join the college choir. The value of this new departure has been manifest at services throughout the month.

On April 23, Keifer, successor to Crowell, the Mt. Vernon photographer, took several flashlight-views of those participating in the dramatic performance which was given in Nu Pi Kappa Hall, April 25.

Exchanges.

WE have paused to watch the quiver
Of faint moon-beams on the river,
By the gate.
We have heard something calling
And a heavy dew is falling
Yet we wait.

It is no doubt very silly
To stay out in all this chilly
Evening mist.
Still I linger hesitating,
For her lips are plainly waiting
To be kissed.

So I stoop to take possession
Of the coveted concession
On the spot;
But she draws back with discreetness,
Saying with tormenting sweetness,
"I guess not."

Her whole manner is provoking;
 "Oh, well, I was only joking,"
 I reply;
 She looks penitently pretty,
 As she answers, "What a pity!
 So was I."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Poets may sing their plaintive wails,
 Historians tell their fearful tales.
 Of wasted lives and broken hearts.
 And the anguish of love's poisoned darts;
 But they tell of nothing half so bad,
 Nothing so harrowing or sad,
 As the story read at a single look,
 In the stubs in a college man's old bank book.—*Williams Weekly.*

Friend. Your exchanges all seem to come from female colleges.

Editor. What makes you think that?

Friend. Because they all come clad in wrappers.—

Harvard Lampoon.

Miss Des Lettres — Have you read Charles Read's "Foul Play," Mr. Suffermore?

Suffermore (eagerly) — No; what's the name of it?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

At St. John's College all the lectures in philosophy are given in Latin, and even examinations are carried on in that language.—*Ec.*

Lowstand — My mind was inspired with the thought of the great writers, sir, when I wrote this thesis.

Prof. — Yes, so it seems. There are thoughts from most all of them in it.—*Record.*

The Law School of Kansas University has the oldest student enrolled in the country. He is 90 years of age.

A SUMMER IDYL.

A man and a maid in a hammock are sitting,
 And close up behind them a billy-goat strolls.
 Their motion excites him; the hammock hard hitting,
 He soon fills their garments with big, buttin-holes.
 — *Notre Dame Scholastic.*

THE STUDENT WHO WINS.

Is a plodder.
 Has high ideas.
 Is always on time.
 Is frank and manly.
 Does not know it all.
 Takes plenty of sleep.
 Lays broad foundations.
 Is thoroughly in earnest.
 Is loyal to his instructors.
 Believes in the golden rule.
 Never misses chapel exercises.
 And subscribes for the college paper. — *College Tidings*.

LEFT.

"Meet me," she said, "by the orchard wall
 To-morrow night, as the sun goes down;"
 And this is to-morrow, and here am I,
 And there's the wall, and the sun's gone down.
 — *Harvard Lampoon*.

At the indoor meet of the Yale Athletic Association, on Monday, March 12, W. O. Hickok broke all collegiate records for putting the shot, making forty-two feet and five and one-half inches.

The American Humane Society has offered \$1,000 to the first leading American university or college which shall, in accordance with the Society's plan, establish a professorship of Social Science and Humanity.

He killed the noble Mudjokevis,
 With the skin he made him mittens;
 Made them with the fur side inside;
 Made them with the skin side outside;
 He, to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside skin side outside;
 He, to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side inside.
 That's why he put the fur side inside,
 Why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them inside outside. — *Western Journalist*.

Bismarck, though a warlike man,
Was always found in Fashion's van;
For when he was the army's head,
He also many *germans* led. — *Brunonian*.

The lover and the gas are foes,
Without an earthly doubt,
For every time that one comes in
The other one goes out. — *Ex*.

"The Faculty of the Boston University has voted to permit work on the college paper to count as work in the regular course, seven hours being allowed the editor-in-chief, while his assistants are allowed two hours each."

Would that Kenyon, too, might make this statement; but, alas! many, many yards of Kenyon yarn must be turned out at the factory of the Fates before the spindle may be loaded with silk.

...THE...

Kenyon Collegian.

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THE KENYON COLLEGIAN is published monthly throughout the academic year by the students of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

THE COLLEGIAN's effort is to encourage literary work in the College, to furnish a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the general welfare of the College, and to afford a regular and constant means of communication between the student and the alumnus.

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